The Liberalist

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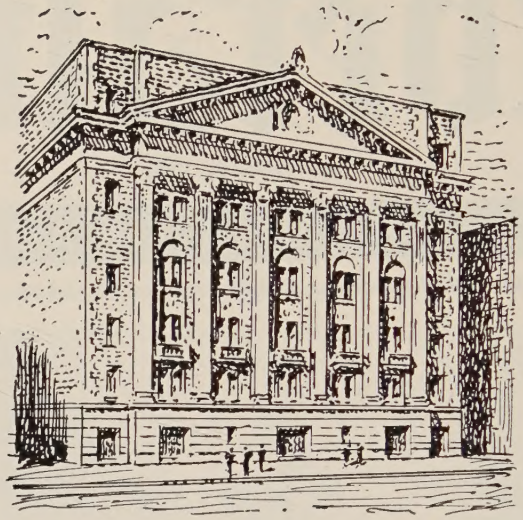
NEW YEAR'S EVE

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson—from "In Memoria"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

TO Every Reader, Radio Friend and Member of the Church:

I know how inadequate are cold words in frozen type to convey the warmth of appreciation in my heart for all your support, loyalty and kindness during the year which has closed.

Now we face another year together. I wish for each one of you a year of unprecedented happiness, a bountiful reception of life's best and the fulfillment of your dreams and hopes. You mean much to me and I shall try to do my best to merit your good will, patience and understanding. In the immortal phrase of the poet Browning, "Let us greet the unseen with a cheer!"

Preston Bradley.

* * *

23rd November, 1955

More than twenty years ago I received a very unusual and inspiring letter from a radio listener by the name of Miss May L. Ferguson, living in Belvidere, Illinois. She wrote most graciously of how she was receiving help and inspiration from our Sunday morning church broadcast. She wrote in some detail of her own life. At the age of fifteen, she fell from a load of hay on her father's farm, injuring her spine. She was never able to walk again.

She invited me, when I was in the area of Belvidere or passing through, to stop and call on her. It was only a few days after I received her letter that I was lecturing in Rockford, Illinois, which is located just a few miles beyond Belvidere. I allowed enough traveling time to stop in Belvidere. That first visit was the beginning of a friendship which was more of an inspiration to me than I could possibly be to her. I do not know how many times I have visited her during these years, but I have gone out of my way as much as fifty miles to have a few minutes with her.

The little one-story home in which she lived was most humble, but she had purchased it with the work of her own hands. For many years she made homemade needle work and crocheted articles for Marshall Field & Company here in Chicago. Although she could not get out of her bed or walk a step, her hands were not affected by her accident. There, year after year, she made beautiful things and was able to buy her little home.

There are so many interesting and unusual features connected with her life I have frequently wished the story could be told by some professional journalist for one of the great national magazines of America. It contained the nucleus for one of the most dramatic life stories with which I am familiar, and I have known many interesting lives during the years.

When I first knew her and for many years afterward, she was as informed on national and international events as anyone I knew. She listened to all of the better programs on her bedside radio. She had an unusual mind and her opinions were always worth considering. She took an active interest in the political situation. During World War II she kept in constant contact with every Belvidere boy who was in our military services. She wrote every one of them as often as she could and frequently referred to them as "her boys." She was one of the most deeply spiritual-minded people I have ever known.

Her bedroom was just at the right

of the living room as you entered her home, and the unprecedented and startling fact about her home was that the door was never locked day or night. She lived alone. A bell in the home next door was connected by a small rope to her bedside, and when she needed anything she would just pull the rope and her neighbor would be there in a few moments. The whole neighborhood always had her under their protection and care. I asked her once when I visited her if it didn't worry her to leave her front door open all the time, with only a few steps to her own bedroom, and she said "O, no, I am surrounded by love and God is my protector and I have no fear." She had a beatific smile and her face was always aglow.

Can you think of being bedridden for 61 years and in all that time never making one word of complaint? She was never known to complain of her condition. As though her inability to walk was not enough to try anyone's soul, in the last two years she had been progressively losing her sight until, when I saw her last, she could no longer read, and the last letter which I received from her bore the pathetic marks of one who was writing in the dark. The last time I saw her, which was about two weeks before her death, she said to me: "Well, Dr. Bradley, it will soon be over and I will be home. It's growing dark, but then it will be light again. But," she said, "every day I still thank God for being so good and kind to me." I had no words to reply. If there is any such thing as sainthood upon this earth, May Ferguson was a saint.

Today I stood beside her in the Funeral Home in Belvidere, and conducted her funeral service. She weighed less than sixty pounds at her death, and, as she rested in her casket, gave more the appearance of a beautiful doll than of one who had ever been a person. Her face was relaxed and even in death there was a smile upon her lips. The funeral chapel was overfilled with her friends and neighbors. The whole of the city was in mourning. There was no need of preaching a funeral sermon. Her life was a sermon and a finer sermon than could be preached from the lips of any man. She leaves no close relatives. All of her family have preceded her in death.

Often during the years I mentioned her in my radio broadcasts, both from the pulpit and from the studio, with the result that she had hundreds and hundreds of letters and cards from radio friends all over. She prized every one of them highly and would show them to me when I visited her. This morning, the day of her funeral service, a radio listener and a member of our church had sent her a turkey for her Thanksgiving dinner. On her last birthday I asked the congregation to send her birthday cards. They came to her by hundreds and brought her great happiness.

She always referred to attending our church service and sitting "on the front seat." She said "You know my radio is my front seat in my church."

It is impossible to evaluate the influence of a life like hers. She had developed a faith and a philosophy which transcended any I have ever known. She was buried under an avalanche of flowers, by the side of her father and mother, in the cemetery in Belvidere. But only her frail little body was given back to earth. The spirit, the influence, the courage, the loyalty, the love and the faith of May Ferguson will live in the hearts of all who knew her. Heaven will be no surprise to her, for she created a heavenly atmosphere on earth. She had nothing of this world's wealth, but she was one

of the richest people I have ever known.

You have heard the old parable of the rich woman who died and went to Heaven. An escort was assigned to show her her eternal home. They walked down beautiful streets, past beautiful mansions, till they came to a more humble street and turning down this street they came to a very lowly home. As they were about to enter the woman said: "I lived in a mansion on earth. I had the most beautiful home on our street. On my walls were tapestries from the finest looms of the earth. My floors were covered with beautiful Oriental rugs. My china, linen and silverware were the best money could buy. I lived in a mansion on earth." As they crossed the threshold of the humble home, her escort said: "This is to be your home." She was startled for a moment, then replied: "O, I couldn't live here. I am accustomed to a mansion." She was told, "We build the homes up here out of the material sent to us from earth. This is the best we could do with what you have sent." Only a parable, but like all parables, what a profound truth. May Ferguson had a humble home on earth, but she sent material enough ahead of her to build a most glorious mansion in Heaven. My knowing her and being her pastor has been one of the most inspiring experiences of my life. Many a time when I have stood in the pulpit or have given the pastoral prayer in the service, I have envisaged that little house, a small bedroom, and the thought she was listening to our service has been an inspiration. Oh, if more of us would learn to be a little kinder, a little more understanding, a little more forgiving, and eliminate much of our self-pity, we would find life a much more triumphant event.

When I announced at the Sunday morning services following her funeral that she had passed on, there were many expressions in the congregation of a deep grief but none of us would wish her back. Her life was a symphony, her faith a poem, her passing a benediction, her reward that complete perfection which must be Heaven. She will be no stranger there for she lived the life of an angel on earth.

I was accompanied to her service in Belvidere by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harrison, the Treasurer and Secretary of our church. Mrs. Harrison has had voluminous correspondence with Miss Ferguson and had often visited her. It would have pleased Miss Ferguson to know that they came from Chicago for the final service.

* * *

27th November, 1955

As I sit here in my Study at this late hour on a Sunday evening and look back across this day, I think probably it will always stand out in my memory as one of the finest days of my ministry. Beginning at 9:30 this morning, I had my television program over WBKB-Channel 7, which the telephone calls to the studio convinced me had helped someone. Then our church service at 11 o'clock, when I spoke on "What Is Christianity?" to a fine and inspiring congregation; and then at 2:30 in the afternoon I gave the keynote address at the opening session of the 34th National Congress of the 4-H Clubs of America in the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel. I am still in the glow of that great meeting. There were gathered nearly 1500 young people from every State in this union, the Philippine Islands, Alaska and Puerto Rico. The subject upon which I had been invited to speak was "What Youth Can Do." They must have had great expectations to ask a

man over 65 to tell them what youth can do.

Well, I have never spoken to an audience more receptive, responsive, vital and alert. When the afternoon was over, it was almost impossible for me to leave, for so many youngsters came up to me to give a warm, personal expression of appreciation. I was never more convinced than I am tonight that the 'teen-agers of this country are something basically quite different than the screeching headlines about juvenile delinquency would indicate. Only 3% of American juveniles get into trouble. The statistics reveal that 97% of American young people never get into trouble and yet the 3% give almost a blanket reputation to the other 97%. The future of this country is in good hands and I believe the young people of this generation are going to do a better job up and down the line, from top to bottom, with the country, with the church, with the schools, with politics and with business and with international affairs than my generation did. The fact of the matter is, the addresses I heard 'teen-agers make today, and the manner in which they presented their subjects, together with their comprehension of the subject, convinces me that I would just as soon turn over some of the management today to these young people. I am convinced that they could do a better job than some of those who are criticizing them all the time are doing.

I had just about time to get a little lunch and be back at the church tonight at 7 o'clock, where I spoke on "Is Masonry a Religion?" The weather was most severe; a high wind and intense cold, and I did not expect a very large congregation. Three busloads of people who were coming in from Hammond, Indiana, had to cancel their trip, many of the Sunday evening congregation who usually drive long distances to attend were unable because the streets were icy and almost impassable, and yet nearly 1,000 people were present at the service. So, after a hard day's work, we sit here in the Study, talking about the day, and although there is an inevitable weariness of body, the heart tonight is light.

* * *

16th December, 1955

Perhaps you have often heard me quote the words of Elbert Hubbard: "Never apologize. Your friends don't need it and your enemies will not believe it." But I am going to apologize for an error which occurred in a recent "Along the Way." You perhaps recall what I had to say about the remarkable student at Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, whom I had the opportunity of knowing and of spending some time with there, Mr. Adebayo Adesanya. In writing of Mr. Adesanya, I mentioned that his homeland was Liberia. It was a slip of the tongue on my part because I knew he was from Nigeria, and I apologize to him for the error.

In a letter which I just received from him, written at Trinity College, Dublin, his concluding paragraph says: "I am grateful for the lovely magazine in which you said many nice things about me. All of my friends who read it liked it very much, and thanks very much. Of course I came from Nigeria. Nigeria and Liberia sound so alike that they are easily taken one for the other. Of course Liberia is more familiar to the U.S.A. than any other African country." I am quite familiar with Liberia and had the opportunity recently here in Chicago of meeting the President of Liberia who was here. Mr. Adesanya is the only person from Nigeria I have ever met, but if all the Nigerians are like him, his country will rapidly become as well known

(*Continued on page* 21)

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES

Wednesday Evenings in January

Dr. Bradley will open the 23rd Season of Wednesday Evening Book Lectures in the People's Church, January 4, 1956

January 4—"GIFT FROM THE SEA"—Anne Morrow Lindbergh

January 11—"HOW TO LIVE 365 DAYS A YEAR"—John A. Schindler, M.D.

January 18—"WHAT IS VITAL IN RELIGION?"—Harry Emerson Fosdick

January 25—"THE OPEN HEART"—Edward Weeks

DR. BRADLEY WILL GIVE A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL LECTURES

Every Thursday, 12:15 noon, in January at the Chicago Public Library, Randolph and Michigan

(Dr. Preston Bradley, member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library, will give a special series of lectures in honor of four men "Great in Mind and Spirit," whose birthdays are observed in January.)

Great in Mind and Spirit

January 5 ..... Benjamin Franklin

January 12 ..... Robert E. Lee

January 19 ..... Mozart

January 26 ..... Thomas Paine

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

AT THE beginning of 1956, let us quietly separate ourselves from all activity, and sit down for fifteen minutes of self-analysis. You know the things you resolved to do in 1955. Now let us examine ourselves to see why we have failed to reach our objective. Let us not put any failure of ours altogether on external conditions, but rather upon the inner character of our own selves and our own attitude to the difficulties which surround us.

I know there are many people suffering pain today which is not warranted by anything which they have done in their lives, and I know that many of these environmental influences are the determining factors in the failure of individuals. But I also know that every individual under-estimates the importance of his own strength in changing for himself the environmental conditions which influence his life. I believe, without any exception whatever, that every person under-estimates his own powers. Most of us never function within 60% of our ability and capacity.

The time for discovering that which interferes with what we might be is this time of the year. Does our inventory reveal a wasted year? When pleasure perhaps was mistaken for happiness? Character isn't like a mushroom. It doesn't grow overnight. Character is the accumulation of all the experiences.

The longer I live and the more years that come to me, the more I am convinced that nothing else really matters finally except living this life on a high altitude. Money, fame, position, power, all these fade into nothingness beside the achievement of living a beautiful life.

Now let us face the future, and not let the year that is past tyrannize us. When a businessman goes through his inventory and finds out the facts, he begins to utilize at once what these facts reveal, and if there is any imagination left in him, he will take those qualities which the inventory reveals have made him unsuccessful and throw them aside. He will not permit the mistakes of yesterday to defeat him tomorrow.

Let us take a personal inventory and when we know the results, let us face the future and 1956 determined that it will be a different and a better year because of what we ourselves do to make it so.

Thoughts in Autumn

By E. Doris Spencer

On yonder tree two leaves hang trembling
As loth to loose their hold on earthly life,
And all about me on the quiet road
The rustling music of the hopeless ones
Rises to greet me as I pass.
How well I love the sound! And yet! And yet!—
How fraught with bleak despair their dying cry!
Are they so hopeless, then? Is life now dead?
Is this what happens when *we* come to die?
A suffering and a pain, a clinging hold,
Then peace—perhaps oblivion?
But leaves, I know, have not man's consciousness,
And even in the leaf 'tis only
Form that dies; the life goes on,
And springing from the long-forgotten mould
Of withered leaves, when time has passed
And God has bound again the straying life,
Rise golden dancing daffodils!
Ah, now I know the secret way of life:
Forms are but earthly and they change.
Cling not so tightly to your mother tree,
You hopeless leaves! Would you remain
Withered and brown and old, when you might rise
As yellow petals dancing in the sun?
Cling not to earthly life, worn suffering man,
'Though not as man may you yet rise again
From out this agony of death;
But that which stirs within the withered leaf,
And brings the golden flower from out the mould,
In you is conscious and, being conscious, great.
A million times more than the withering leaf
You will have power to understand and know
The form you take—fear not to go,
God holds a myriad forms that you may wear.

(Mrs. Spencer is the wife of Dr. Sidney Spencer, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Dr. Bradley has often been a guest in the historic and picturesque home of the Spencers. Their friendship is one of his most delightful European memories.)

WHY LIBERAL RELIGION IS GROWING

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, November 6, 1955

ONE HUNDRED and fifty-three years ago this very day there was a baby born in Maine in a small village who was destined, as he grew into maturity, to be one of America's great martyrs. A man very few people, perhaps, know very much about. But I mention him because it is his birthday and the day has been set aside by more than 800 liberal and free churches in the United States—all of the Unitarian group, all of the Universalist group, all of the Quaker group —all of the great free religious groups of ecclesiasticism in these United States have set aside this Sunday as the Sunday for the preservation of a free press—for the man whom I mentioned to you is a man by the name of Elijah Parish Lovejoy.

Does that name register with any of you—Elijah Parish Lovejoy! And Elijah Parish Lovejoy, as will be told from 800 pulpits in the United States this morning, was a man who was thoroughly and fundamentally grounded in his love for freedom and his desire to preserve freedom—freedom of thinking, freedom of expression—against all of its attacks and against all hazards He came on in his early manhood to the City of St. Louis and in St. Louis he become identified with one of the great newspapers of the nation. He took up the position in the very beginning of his newspaper career that the press should remain free, that religion should remain free, that there must not be any control of a superimposed authority upon the freedom of the press or the freedom of religion! Immediately those who opposed freedom—and there are always multitudes who do, for they much prefer the maintenance of the "status quo" than they do to pursue the difficult highway of freedom—arose against him. Freedom is a treacherous road and it is a torturous road and it is a road which requires great sacrifice—always, always sacrifice—and Lovejoy took the position in his St. Louis paper that his paper would print the truth—that it would print the truth about slavery; that it would print the truth about tyranny; that it would stand as the great medium for the expression of freedom in every area of humanity.

It was not long before those who hate freedom and cannot tolerate freedom in another, who believe in tyranny and who believe, particularly, in the *absolute* of tyranny, opposed him, burned his presses, and all but destroyed his newspaper in the great riots which took place in St. Louis over the principles of freedom! Lovejoy would not give up the battle. And he felt he would have a little greater opportunity to preserve his press and his freedom if he would move up the river to Alton, Illinois. So he bought a printing press and started to Alton. That press was thrown into the river by those who opposed freedom and opposed his position! He bought another press—that press was completely demolished and destroyed in an attack by people who entered his printing office and his newspaper office in Alton, Illinois, and pounded it to pieces and destroyed it! He bought another press!

He said: "I believe in freedom! I shall stand for freedom, and freedom of the press, and freedom to state my position in opposition to the godlessness of slavery!"—when some of the clergy of Alton and some of the clergy of Illinois were quoting the Bible to substantiate their belief in slavery! There were ministers both in the North and in the South during that critical period who quoted the Bible to prove that slavery was justified! Oh, these people who seek out isolated texts in the Bible and around those isolated texts build their little, private, personal theology and then set that theology up as the final truth! That has been one of the tragedies in religion and religious thinking from the beginning! People have built little areas representing their own little, private interpretations into a theology or a system! They've done it with baptism; they've done it with worship! They've broken the great historic continuity of the love of Christ into 400 different segments in the United States today—and we have more than 400 different kinds of Christians and different kinds of churches!

I say to you that I cannot conceive in the sobriety of the thinking of this moment, as I stand in this pulpit where I have battled away for freedom for more than forty years, that Christ would ever condone any system of ecclesiasticism or any theory of religion that would create friction and animosity and destroy the opportunity of the personality to be what I think is the highest expression in the whole evolutionary process of nature, the human personality complete, buoyant, beautiful and free! Whoever Christ was and wherever He is, nobody can limit Christ by pulling His philosophy, His theology, His life down into a little segment that says: "I am right and you are wrong, and if you don't believe as I believe you will go to hell and you will be eternally damned!" There isn't one single bit of evidence in the word of God anywhere that Christ would condone such a limitation of freedom, not a sentence! Rather, that great sentence: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free!" And in truth there is no label —none! Truth is truth! And courageous the man who dare bury his fears, bury his anxieties, and say to the presence of the eternal: "What is the truth?" and then has the courage to live that truth and to practice it! *That* is the great virtue of religion, and *that* is the great power of Christ as the Apostle of truth and of liberty and of life! And when this great martyr Lovejoy bought his third printing press the mob came off the streets of Alton, Illinois, one day with their axes, their cudgels and their clubs—oh, the critics, the critics, the critics, who, in the name of their own theology, condemn another because of a different theology. That is the reason we read to you the great passage of Scripture at the opening of the service today. There it stands! They are the words of the living truth—the Spirit of Christ!

Well, in that last attack Lovejoy was murdered and he died in a pool of blood in his own print shop, murdered by fanatics! And fanaticism is always associated with tyranny, and whenever anybody becomes fanatical they lose the capacity to reason! And one of the great sentences in the Bible was: "Come! Let us *reason* together!" I never knew a religion worthy the name that was afraid of reason; I never knew a religion worthy the name that felt its perpetuity dependent upon those twin devils—superstition and fear! Any religion worthy the name is not a religion of superstition, it is not

a religion of fear—it is a religion in which the experience of the soul, seeking the assimilation with the oversoul of the Divine, meets in the great spiritual unity of that power which is always a part of freedom and which no church and no creed and no theology owns or controls!

These, ladies and gentlemen, are some of the most fearless utterances that I have ever uttered from this pulpit, and the reason I am uttering them is because there is a wave beginning to come throughout the whole life of America of a true liberal interpretation of religion! Dr. Fosdick is spearheading the movement in his last book which has been off the press for only a few days, and which adorns my study table, a book which he calls WHAT IS VITAL IN RELIGION. We're getting sick and tired of the argument that liberal religion does not have the power to answer the needs of the human soul or the suffering of people in their anxiety and that people want authority; they want something definite, something secure. Now we are beginning to see that a liberal interpretation of religion has an answer to every human ill, for liberal religion is undergirded in the principle of divine love, and in divine love there is no ill of body or of soul or of mind that divine love cannot heal! It is not a question of "What church?"—that is not the question. It is not a question of whether you are a fundamentalist or a modernist—that is not the question. That question is becoming less and less significant in the life of the world today. The question is, that there is available to every sick, tired, lonely, disturbed heart a power and when that heart is in harmony with that divine power things happen in the individual's life! I've demonstrated it a hundred times in my own! Were it not for my dependence upon that power I would have sunk years ago. The presence of Christ and of the Spirit of God which is the spirit of love, is above every church, above every creed, above every limitation, above every denomination. *That* is the essence of any religion worthy the name!

I listened to a broadcast this morning as I was going down to my television program at nine-thirty down in the Loop at the Civic Opera building, a sermon by the minister of the First Baptist Church of Atlanta, Georgia, on the Southern Baptist hour. He closed what was rather an interesting and a helpful sermon with this quotation:

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care!"

And I wanted to shout out to that minister: "My dear brother, do you know that that hymn was written by a Unitarian; that that hymn was written by one who was free to think without the tyranny of any kind of outside pressure?" NEARER MY GOD TO THEE was written by a Unitarian, a man who believed in freedom—NEARER MY GOD TO THEE! When Christians can pray together and sing together, freedom is on the way!

When I Want To Join The Human Race

BY GREGG CARTER

THIS is a true story. I know one of the persons to whom it happened. Not only did it happen, but what it means is true, also. During World War II a group of paratroopers were dropped behind the lines in Germany. After they had accomplished their mission they began to move by night back toward the front through enemy held territory. All went well for several days and these men were almost back to safety when suddenly, one day as they were resting in a clump of trees they heard the sounds of bloodhounds barking. They heard tanks coming. Then, over a loud-speaker system a voice rasped, "Come out, Yankees, with your hands up—you have no choice but to surrender or we will blow you to bits."

Our men knew that there was no escape, so they dropped their weapons and came out into the open with their hands in the air. Now being captured is hazardous in any case, but you can imagine their horror when they got a look at their captors and realized that they had fallen into the hands of the most dreaded of all German units, the Nazi SS Elite Guard.

They were herded on to the highway and marched for many miles. As night came on all two hundred of them were crowded into a stone warehouse. It was bitter cold. Just as they were getting to sleep a Nazi SS officer came in and forced them to stand at attention while he made a long speech. At the end of it he yelled, "Now, be quick! I want all Jews to take one step forward." There was a long pause and you could hear much shuffling of feet —but nobody made a move. These men knew the horror of the gas oven and the concentration camp long before we in this country did; they knew that any Jewish soldier in the American Army on whom the Nazis could get their hands, would never see home and family again.

The Nazi officer was furious at being disobeyed. He screamed at the guards. "Bring in three machine guns—if these Americans won't do what they're told, I'll shoot them all on the spot." And as more German troops poured in this seemed no idle threat. Then the Nazi officer turned to the Americans and screamed, "Now all Jews take one step forward." With no hesitation, as if they were but a single man, all two hundred men took one step forward. No word had passed between the prisoners. They had no chance to talk. Having no idea what his buddy was going to do, each man had sacrificed his life for his friends and yet because of the bravery of each man, not one of these men lost his life. Looking dumbfounded, the Nazi officer walked toward the door of the warehouse, musing half-aloud, "You strange—strange people."

You know, there are times when I want to join the human race. Times when I rejoice in the fact that for whatever of evil there is in us all, God's image is there too. Yes, when I heard this true story I was glad to be human.

"No greater love hath any man than this—that he lay down his life for his brother." These men gave up their lives for each other—yet none died. There is no Jew, no Christian; nor is there white or Negro; nor yet any poor or rich. All men are brothers. Some

do not know it—some will not believe it—some will not act it. But you and I know it; let us teach it; and most of all let us act it. Then will not that be the time when we shall all want to join the human race?

BOOK CHATS

PARENTS will be interested in a little 35c magazine-type edition called *Classics,* published by Gilberton Company, Inc., for December of 1955, which is The Story of Jesus. This story is told entirely in pictures and begins with the announcement to Mary, and follows the complete story of the events of his life until his final ascension into Heaven.

The covers of the magazine are glossy, with a picture of Jesus on the front cover, the city of Jerusalem in the background. On the back are testimonials to the worth of the book from Daniel A. Poling, Editor, Christian Herald Magazine; Bishop Edgar A. Love; Robert Y. Condit, President, Queens Federation of Churches, and Canon F. J. Nicholson, Department of Christian Education, Canadian Council of Churches. Mr. Poling says in part: "It should be circulated—on merit—in the millions. I am happy that the manuscript follows the gospel texts in the classic King James vernacular, and that it tells that immortal story, the greatest story ever told, without distortion or interpretation." Quoting from Bishop Love: "I most highly recommend it for young people and adults and I am sure it will effect much good."

It is a fact that adults as well as children, will find it interesting, for here they will be able to follow the life of Jesus, in picturization, with no more words needed than are used in ordinary cartoons, to fill out the complete story. Because it is done in the manner of everyday cartoons, if it is placed among the cartoon pamphlets read by the children, it will be picked up and found extremely interesting to the child, for the pictures are brightly colored, with the costuming and architecture of the early ages carefully followed. It is the easiest possible way for a child to absorb the life story of Jesus, a story which should be a part of every child's early teaching.

Canon Nicholson says: "I commend the spirit and work of both the pictures and the written material. They follow the Bible accurately, and as a whole give an easily followed outline of the life of Jesus. I am sure The Story of Jesus will answer a real need, and give Christian teaching to those who otherwise might never receive it."

* * *

We hope our readers will remember the beautiful book reviewed here several years ago—*Something to Live By,* by Dorothea S. Kopplin. If you bought it or read it at that time, you will remember that the doctors had told this author she could not live to bring up her children. She decided to write the book to serve as a substitute in their lives; something to give them a true sense of values and the fortitude and strength for fine living. There were chapters on Happiness, Encouragement, the Purpose of Sorrow and How to Meet It, Definite Laws Con-

trolling Friendship, Love, Family Life, Life's True Values, Humor, Sense of proportion, the Value of Time, To Help Life Run Smoothly, the Meaning of God and Brotherhood. That book is filled with poems, proverbs, short and pithy sayings, and comments of the author. It was twenty years in the making, for Dorothea Kopplin kept on living and working. Before marriage she taught school in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Since then she has lectured to Women's Clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations and other groups. She has participated in radio programs.

Mrs. Kopplin's latest book is called *Scripture to Live By*. It is an inspiring selection of the passages from the Old and New Testament which have profoundly affected her own life—a comforting and reassuring guide to full and happy living. Mrs. Kopplin is the picture of a woman who lives a full and happy life. She says, "The precious things which we treasure most we like to gather closely around us. Our children's and our grandchildren's pictures cluster above our desks; colored photos of our gardens are nearby; books we love best are within arm's reach." It was in this spirit of closeness and familiarity that she chose these passages of Scripture to Live By. The passages are arranged in sequence to tell the spiritual story of the Bible. It is Mrs. Kopplin's hope in writing this book that it will help the rising generation to see greater meaning in the Bible as a guide to more successful living. The quotations she gives are those that have contributed most to her understanding of the great Power that made and controls the universe and her relationship to that Power. She claims that the sequence of thoughts is the key to both her books and additional meaning will be gained if the reader reads the quotations in the order in which they appear.

"It would be absurd," says Mrs. Kopplin in her introduction, "if I were to close my eyes to the nearness of the personal guidance of that Power that has led me all my life, and has compelled me to acts that have proved later to have a perfect interconnection and a perfect goal—even the guiding of this book. I literally *loved into being* both of the books. Unashamed, I confess a far greater hand than mine is responsible for the sequence of the thoughts in both *Something to Live By* and also *Scripture to Live By*.

"If *Scripture to Live By* can touch and help as many lives all over the world as *Something to Live By* has done, according to the wonderful letters I have received from you readers, then my efforts will have been worth while. God bless you all."

It is a comfortable book to handle, 222 pages and 10 chapters. There is an introduction, a note to the reader and a prologue. The chapter headings will interest you: God—Wisdom From Ancient Days—From the Psalms—The Birth of Christ as Recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Peter—Some of the Miracles Christ Performed—Truths to Live By—Guide for Family Living—The Greatest Stories Ever Told, the Parables—Christ Gave Eternal Life to All Those Who Believe in Him—The Crucifixion of Christ. And there is an epilogue. She dedicates the book to her Grandchildren "for when they are older."

To give you an idea of the author's sequence of thought in giving her quotations, for instance, in Chapter 1, God, she gives heading quotations in answer to questions: "What is God? 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' Acts 17:28." "Where is 'God' and how can we find him? 'Be still and know that I am God.' Psalms

46:10." "What is Our Relationship to God? 'And man became a living soul.' Genesis 2:7." Those quotations are merely heading quotations. In the section under What is God? the author precedes the Bible quotations with this paragraph of her own: " 'What is God?' is the greatest question of the universe. The ages have struggled to learn the answer and they are still far from learning it. Yet Christ says a little child knows God and is closer to God than all the rest, and He says that unless we become in spirit, like a little child, truthful, trusting, without guile or evil intentions, we cannot learn the answer to 'What is God?' This much we do know: we must see God with our spiritual eyes, with the truth within us. According to the scripture in this chapter, we learn God is light, He is holy, He is in all and of all, and He is the beginning and the end of all. He is love and is all-knowing. He created all things. It is the striving to become aware of Him and to come in close contact with His Power that is, perhaps, the reason we live. The knowledge of which is the true realization of our destiny." And then begin the short quotations from the Bible to help answer the first question posed: "What is God?"

We have said much about this book to give the reader an idea of its method. We can think of no finer gift from any grandmother to her children than this book and its content. Many adults have wondered how to get the greatest good from a study of the Bible. Here is an organized, thoughtful, consecrated work, done in the spirit of great love for her grandchildren, that really makes available in concentrated, selected form, practical help for daily living from this great work of the ages. Would that the divorced couples of America and all who contemplate divorce might read the chapter, "Guide for Family Living!"

Dorothea S. Kopplin has definitely found a place for herself in the hearts and lives of hundreds of grateful people. Hanover House, $2.50.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

SOMETHING especially lovely has happened to me since the last Radio Mail Bag column was written. In fact, four lovely things! "My cup runneth over!" Because we all enjoy good news (and we see so much bad news published) surely you will be willing for me to share these lovely happenings with you.

First, one morning in late October the Duke of Paducah asked me if I had the time and an idea, would I write a couple of verses for Armistice Day. The Duke has a syndicated column in about 70 newspapers published throughout Illinois and Iowa. This sort of thing never happened to me before, so I was thrilled. This is what I wrote:

November 11, 1955

A new kind of courage
is needed today;
A courage to use where
the bands do not play.

Where men of all nations
and colors and creeds
Gather 'round a big table
and lay down their greeds.
Where ignorant hate doesn't
play in the game,
But broad understanding
battles for fame.
Yes, battles with all
of its courage and might
To win a world brother
to see a great light.
A light that is kindled
by hearts so great
They can vision a world
love can surely create.

The second thrill was when the Sunday Arts Group decided to publish an anthology of poetry written by some of its members. This is an interesting group of people. Mrs. Frederick Justice, a past president of the Edgemere Woman's Club founded the Sunday Arts Group, which for many years was able to meet in private homes because there were many large homes owned by its members. This group numbers among its members musicians (instrumental and vocal), sculptors, painters, writers, lecturers, some famous, and some very busy though not so famous artists. Also, there are housewives and businessmen who have some form of art merely as their hobby. Whole families attend their meetings, husbands, wives and young folks, and guests are welcomed. Members come from Joliet and from Wisconsin and other out-of-town places, as well as from Chicago.

Now in these days of smaller homes and apartment dwellings, only a few homes are large enough to accommodate the club, so the meetings are for the most part held in the North End Woman's Club, at 6200 Sheridan Road. The group meets the third Sunday of every month, at 3:30 o'clock, for a program given by their members.

This group do not merely entertain themselves, but each year they give a program to the veterans at Hines, Downey, Elgin and Dunning; and this last year they also gave programs to Old Peoples Homes: the Danish, the Swedish, the Methodist, to Bethany, to the Mather Home, Pilgrim House and the Old Peoples Home at 4727 Vincennes.

The President of the group is Mrs. Clyde Bassler of 1334 Asbury Ave., Evanston. Mr. Clyde Bassler is President of the Chicago Artists Association, the original music club of this city, made up almost entirely of professionals.

The club has five Honorary Members: Mrs. Frederick Justice, the Founder-President; Mrs. Walter Hermsdorf, its second President; Mr. Paul Kufrin, internationally known sculptor; Dr. Alexander Aster, who was Director of the Boston Opera Company as long as that company was in existence, and Dr. Preston Bradley.

On Sunday, November 20th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler, at a Tea, attended by about 75 members, the Sunday Arts Group actually offered its anthology, "Our Bow of Burning Gold." I had submitted 11 humble offerings and to my great surprise these had all been included. The book opens with several very lovely poems by Brent Dow Allinson—among them his "Light of the World," published in The Liberalist and two published in his beautiful book of poems, "Youth and the Singing Shadows."

From a group of poems by Mrs. Bassler, you will be interested in one she titles "Preston Bradley, Apostle of Brotherhood":

He has not labored to be ranked the first
Among the theologians of our day,
His cup of truth is not for those that thirst
For perfect definitions of the Way,
But country-bred, concerned for neighbor's
needs,
God used him and ordained him from the
start,

To lift "Community" above all creeds,
And give expression to a city's heart.
In him, the friendless then have found a friend—
The broken-spirited, faith to restore—
The sinner, fortitude to reascend
Tall hills of Hope, with strength to "sin no more."
His fame rests with the Christ that lives in men,
Illumined by his voice and pen.

The above poem was submitted in the 1955 State Poetry Contest of the National League of American Penwomen, and was illustrated with a painting of Dr. Bradley by Nellie Kirkpatrick. There were two prizes given in the contest and thousands of poems were submitted. There was a first prize and a blue ribbon for Honorable Mention. Mrs. Bassler's poem received the Honorable Mention prize. Her poem is being submitted in the National Contest.

Among my humble little verses were some lines to Dr. and Mrs. Bradley at Christmastime, 1940:

Your doors are always open wide
To share the joy that is inside;
And so my gratitude to you
That sometimes I, too, share the view
That from your window spreads out wide
And seems to bring the world inside.

And one written to June Haslet on her birthday in 1941:

On this, your natal day, my dear,
I wish you lots of glee!
So you may ride the waves of life
Like surfboards ride the sea.

The surfboard's not on top always,
It knows depression's trough,
But uses it to gather strength
To bear it way aloft.

And may you mostly stay aloft
On ocean's surging sea,
And ride the billows all through life
With sails chock-full of glee.

Now the third lovely thing that came my way was when Mrs. Bassler asked permission to use the poem on courage (which is titled "New Kind of Courage," in the anthology), in religious pamphlets for which she writes, that are distributed to hundreds of churches. I particularly like the thought of those verses and am so happy to know they are going where they will fall on fertile soil.

I said there were four lovely things, and so there were. A Chicago poet who is a good friend of Dr. Bradley's, Mr. Frank H. Keith, whose poems Dr. Bradley has often read, sent in a prose prayer recently. His prose prayer inspired me to write some verses which I called "Morning Prayer":

Loving Father of mankind,
Bless thou thy child this day;
Teach her how to walk, and find
Thy golden, better way.
Give her courage for each task,
And may she work with love;
And let her never fail to ask
For blessings from above.

Teach her understanding, Lord,
Thy mercy give her, too;
And wisdom wilt thou please accord,
That she thy work may do;
May always think of Thee and Thine
And not her own desires.
May leave to Thee the "me and mine,"
And tend thine altar fires.

Now the lovely thing about the little prayer is that I mailed it, on a sudden impulse, to Mrs. Bassler the day before she was attending a W.C.T.U. meeting in the First Baptist Church of Evanston (a non-denominational meeting, however), and she took the poem along and read it. On motion of a member, they voted to adopt it as their prayer to be read at each monthly meeting.

Never did I think any little thoughts of mine would be accepted so kindly and it has made me very, very happy. I just had to tell somebody about it. Thank you for listening.

Many grateful letters arrived in the Mail Bag and, in order to give room for as many as possible, we may take quotations from some which are rather long. Mrs. Harry W. Gellersted of Evanston, wrote a very sweet letter about Dr. Bradley's having spoken in her church:

"I write you, Dr. Bradley, to say how much I enjoyed your wonderful speech at Covenant Methodist Church last Wednesday. My husband is on the board there (I have a Lutheran background) and I have listened to a great many of your radio sermons and many Sunday evenings have attended in person. I was surprised that the Methodists asked you to speak. I know you gave them much food for thought. I loved the verse you quoted: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." That would be redemption for the whole Christian world. I thought it was the best I have ever heard you speak.

"God bless you and keep you."

* * *

Some of the ladies from the Peoples Church are living in the Old Peoples Home at 4724 Vincennes, where I showed colored slides of Switzerland on a recent Saturday. The first time I heard one of them say how much she loved it there, I admit I was quite startled. I just hadn't thought about a Home—had not visited one—and if I had ever thought about the possibility of living in one, I certainly had not thought of anyone being able to actually enjoy it. It shows how little we concern ourselves with what is outside of our own interests. So when our dear member, Mrs Alta Dalrymple, made the remark that she was so happy there, it startled me and I wondered if that were possible. So it was with interest that I read the following letter which came to Dr. Bradley from Dr. Louise M. Hoffmann, from The Chicago Home for the Incurables, of 5535 So. Ellis Avenue:

"I am very happy to write you, Dr. Bradley, about your Sunday morning service. I did enjoy hearing you speak of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "Gift From the Sea." I read it weeks ago and thought it wonderful.

"I love people the way you said you do, and surely have a fine chance to do so, as I am now located in this big Home. There are 400 patients here. Over 200 are bedridden and in wheel chairs. There are over 200 nurses and employes. Have been here over six months. Glad to say I can walk, see, talk, hear some, and have a good mind, so when I count all my blessings daily —I know I am truly blest.

"I am in my late 70's and have so much to be very thankful and grateful for. For over 20 years I had an office with your late friend, Dr. Morris Lychenheim, who was one of my best friends.

"At times I do get very lonely, but when I look around here and see the ones in their beds and wheel chairs, I am truly ashamed, as I know God is always by my side."

God bless you in every way.

* * *

As I wrote the above, from a doctor who was expressing so much gratitude in spite of difficult circumstances, I remembered that last Sunday I spoke to another lady doctor, who lives on the southwest side, is 92 years old, and comes all the way to the Peoples Church to morning service, which must be very difficult for her, as there was a stiff wind on that Sunday. Aren't people wonderful!

* * *

Then Dr. Bradley had this letter concerning dear Miss Mae Ferguson, who passed on November 23rd, at

Belvidere, Illinois. The letter came from Mr. Joe J. Kohl, who said:

"I stood in the midst of greatness yesterday—in the presence of God, so to speak. I visited at the sick bed of Miss Mae Ferguson. I shall never forget the experience. I was never closer to the Divine spirit. Accordingly, I must thank you for this. You have opened eyes that had been open but unseeing. You have pointed the way. Good for you, and may God bless you.

"I am thinking that, were it not for you perhaps, this humble, courageous and noble soul would be almost alone and forgotten. I feel a lot better for my experience and wouldn't have missed it for the world. It has imparted a substance within me that had been sorely lacking. It is indescribably beautiful and gives surcease.

"May you enjoy many more years of health and activity in the service of your church and community and mankind in general."

Mr. Kohl visited Mae Ferguson just a month before she passed on.

* * *

Dorothy Vitullo, Branch Librarian, and Stella M. Rosow, Forum Secretary, wrote:

"On behalf of the members of the Toman Library Forum Committee and the staff of Toman Branch Library, we wish to express our sincere thanks to you for opening the Twenty-fifth Season of our Toman Forum. Your inspiring talk was outstanding and we are not only expressing our sentiments but those of the entire audience, for the comments have been many and most flattering.

"Thanking you again for a most eloquent talk."

* * *

From Rev. David H. Cole, Minister of the First Universalist Church of Chicago:

"The Dedication Committee and the congregation join me in sending our sincere thanks for your able contribution to our dedication program. Your remarks certainly touched the central concern we all share in developing a vital liberal movement. I especially appreciated your comments on the need to bring emotion into our worship. Without the poetical and emotional language of religion we are but a barren shell. You have led the way in wedding emotion and reason in the Peoples Church and have set a target for all of us to shoot for.

"Thank you again for speaking so ably at our dedication banquet."

* * *

Tom Osker of the Conrad Hilton Hotel writes:

"The understatement of the year is that I am deeply indebted to you for finding time to be with the Hotel Greeters and in giving them something to laugh about. There is a difference between the grin of the Chessy Cat and a real genuine smile. There were no Chessy Cat grins last evening.

"You've made a splendid contribution to the Chicago Greeters this year, Doctor, and you were indeed most gracious. In my endeavor to lift the program of the organization to a little higher plane you did indeed come to my assistance. That, of course, brings on the further challenge to keep it there.

"Again thank you, and kindest personal regards to you and Mrs. Bradley."

* * *

Mrs. Lillian Capps, First Vice-President of Women's Division No. 17 of the Hotel Greeters of America had this to say:

"It was indeed a pleasure having you as our Guest of Honor at our Hotel Greeter's dinner last evening. I know the attendance was good because

of your presence. Your sense of humor brought to mind the last lines of an ancient prayer:

> Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
> Give me the grace to see a joke,
> To get some happiness from life,
> And pass it on to other folk!

"I know from your radio broadcasts (and I do go to your church occasionally), that you are traveling a lot. May God be with you and bring you back safely to the Chicago you love so well. I shall get one of your books, 'Happiness Through Creative Living' for myself within the week."

* * *

Frank Compton, the General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Sterling and Rock Falls, wrote:

"In behalf of the Sterling-Rock Falls YMCA and YWCA, I would like to express our deepest appreciation for the great part you played in making our World Fellowship event a very outstanding one. In my experience here where we have had 20 different outside religious speakers, never have I heard such wide and enthusiastic response as was the response to your address."

ALONG THE WAY

(*continued from page* 6)

in the United States as is Liberia. He informs me he has just passed two of his difficult examinations in philosophy which, in a college like Trinity is in itself a great achievement. He is preparing to return to Nigeria and to assist his country in every cultural, educational and political way. I hope most ardently it will be possible for him to visit the United States before he returns to Nigeria. He has one of the finest minds I have ever met in an under-graduate. It is the leadership of such as he, from the oppressed and backward countries of the world, which will help in building a better world for us all.

* * *

The sustained interest and enthusiasm of our entire church is my most inspiring influence as I enter the work of a new year. All the organizations in our church, and the whole life of the church seems to have taken on a renewal of interest and enthusiasm. Our Church School attendance has more than doubled this year, and every organization in the Church has increased in membership and in activity.

On Sunday, December 11th, our Chorus Choir and Quartet, augmented by the University High School Glee Club of the University of Chicago, presented the Christmas section of the Messiah at the Sunday evening service, and although it was a bitter cold night and right in the midst of all the Christmas activity more than 1,000 people attended the service. I took up an offering for the Goodfellows Club of the Chicago Tribune and our Treasurer sent them a check for nearly $400 to assist them in their Christmas activities. Our Chorus Choir has been gaining new members every week and it was an inspiring experience to see the 71 seats filled on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Bennett, who head the ministry of music in our church, have won the hearts of us all. Their friendly co-operation is a constant joy. Presiding at the grand piano at each service is Miss Karin Swanson, who grew up in our Church School and is destined to become one of our best known musicians.

I am writing these words on the 16th of December, which is too early for me to say anything about Christmas itself in the church, but if our pre-Christmas activities are any indication, we will have one of the finest Christmases in our pastorate.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1—Address. Northwest Towns Conservation Club, Palatine, Ill.
Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
2—Funeral
6—TV Address. WBKB—Channel 7
Morning Service. Peoples Church
Wedding
Evening Service. Peoples Church.
7—Two funerals
8—Address. Knife and Fork Club, Mayfair Hotel, Sioux City, Iowa.
10—Y.M.C.A. Auditorium. Annual World Fellowship Dinner of YMCA and YWCA.
11—Address. Westminster Presbyterian Church.
12—Two weddings.
13—Address. WBKB—Channel 7
Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
14—Funeral
Address. Hotel Greeters of America Hotel LaSalle.
15—Funeral.
Presented Chicago Business Men's Orchestra and Musical Courier Award to Chicago Park District, Art Institute.
Address. Dedication Banquet, First Universalist Church, Chicago.
16—Wedding
17—Annual Address. Lions Club. Midland Hotel.
Dinner and evening at Peoples Church Annual Bazaar.
18—Attended English Speaking Union.
Heard Miss Deneke of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford on Dr. Schweitzer.
Dinner and Bazaar at Peoples Church
19—Three weddings.
Conference with Dr. Thomas.
Joined First Congregational Church (becoming a Unitarian-Congregationalist)
20—TV Address. WBKB—Channel 7.
Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church.
21—Address. Chicago Council of the Congregational Church, YMCA.
Received into the Congregational Association.
Tea with Maurice Hindus, just returned from Yugoslavia.
22—Funeral.
Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Attended Men's Club, Peoples Church.
23—Funeral.
24—Funeral.
Morning Service. Peoples Church.
TV Address. WBBM.
25—Two Funerals.
Conference with Harry Reutlinger, Editor, Herald-American.
26—Funeral.
Sick calls.
27—TV Address. WBKB—Channel 7.
Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address. 34th National Congress 4-H Clubs of America. Grand Ballroom, Conrad Hilton Hotel.
Evening Service. Peoples Church.
28—Two funerals.
Address. Teacher's Institute, Maine Township High School.
Address. Wisconsin Leland School PTA, Elm Grove, Wis.
29—Address. Esther Clamage Auxiliary of Jewish Children's Bureau, Shoreland Hotel.
30—Address. National School Service Institute, Red Lacquer Room, Palmer House.
Sick calls.

FUNERALS

2—Mrs. Emily Wolff
7—Mrs. Dolly Hanna
Arthur E. Frankenberg
14—Mrs. Helen Elder
15—William G. Wise
22—Mrs. May Cameron
23—Miss Mae Ferguson
24—Mrs. Bertha Mecartney Sass
25—Mrs. Mary Bryant
Mrs. Roger Miller
26—Earl R. Thornhill
28—Miss Emma Snyder
Mrs. Una Westerman

WEDDINGS

6—Ruth A. Loveless and Lloyd A. Carpenter
12—Vincent J. Celia and Mary Guerra
Arthur Murdock and Ann Burkardt
16—Armenia Griswold and Dee Aldrich
19—Anita Duyeyiaez and Robert Phil Juraska
Florence Simpson and Robert S. Clair
Mildred Canel and Edward C. Hofherr

CHRISTENINGS

6—John Rheem Wetzel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Wetzel
6—David John Alderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Alderson
6—David Nathan Cella, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cella

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service .....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures.....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Jan. 9, Public Health Dept. Mrs. Walter J. Springer, Chairman, presenting Dr. Lois Higgins, Director, Crime Prevention Bureau. Her subject, "Narcotics." Hostesses: Mrs. Charles Roberts, Miss Ethel Fowler and Mrs. W. L. Jones.....1:00 p.m.

Monday, Jan. 23, International Relations Dept. Mrs. A. H. Barnett, Chairman, presenting a Forum by International Relations Students from Abroad. Hostesses: Mrs. J. J. Tolk, Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mrs. Harry Gardner.....1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, Jan. 24, Anderson Hall, the Men's Club will present the Rev. Carl Winters, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oak Park, who will show colored slides and speak on his 30,000 mile trip around the world. Refreshments. Guest fee 50c.....8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, during Church Season, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Every Sunday.....9:30 a.m.

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

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